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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE TIMES; or Views of Society: a Poem, with notes; to which is added an Appendix, containing various scenes from four Plays, written for Drury Lane Theatre, but ultimately withdrawn, from the system which the present Management has exercised against the Author; preceded by a statement of facts. London 1819. Svo. pp. 207.

This is an appeal from the managers of Drury Lane Theatre to the public; and it must be said very fairly brought, since the plaintiff not only opens his case by stating the leading facts, but produces evidence particularly as to these facts, and generally as to the merits. We are, however, indisposed to enter at any length into the question between this theatre and the public, or individuals. Our settled opinion has long been, that it was managed in a way so odious to good feelings, so opposite to taste and judgment, and so repugnant to the interests of the literary and acted drama, that nothing was so desirable as a change of system; but for the expression of this unbiassed conviction we have been charged with we know not what of partial enmities where we had no partialities whatever, and personal hostilities against those whom we did not personally know, and had never previously mentioned in our writings, but to praise their desert and serve their interests. The more confirmed as we almost daily become of the insufficiency of the Drury Lane tactics, we are the less inclined to expose them. Not that we are more cautious to the importance of the stage and all its adjuncts; but simply because the evil, if it be such as we consider it, must very shortly cure itself; and because, having put our sentiments broadly and honestly on record, it would be but repetition to our readers, and painful to ourselves, to continue strictures unattended by any amendment in the parties, and only rewarded by a misunderstanding or misrepresentation of our motives and wishes—the former being clear of prejudice, and the latter directed to no end but to serve Drury Lane and the British Stage.

In the individual instance before us, the complainant, as we believe, a Mr. John Barber, details circumstances of great hardship, and throws himself on

the tribunal of opinion for redress. His appears to be the story of a young and aspiring writer, of talents so considerable and versatile, that on presenting, in 1816, a comedy to the sub-committee of the theatre, he was encouraged to make alterations suggested by Mr. George Lamb, preparatory to its being performed. A second play was finished under the same delusive impressions. An opera was next written. Mr. Lamb, whose letters speak in warmly encomiastic terms of the author's abilities, and of the excellence of his pieces, having resigned, it became necessary to communicate with the new powers. From them not even an answer could be obtained. The author now applied personally for his manuscripts, and was told by the secretary, that he knew nothing about them. For eight weeks he danced attendance upon the Sub-committee, to endeavour to get back his own. The manager, Mr. Kemble, when visible, "was very sorry, but did not read the MSS.—had nothing to say to them;—they were not in his department"—(thus directly contradicting the public advertisements of the Committee!) the Secretary, Mr. Ward, to whom was assigned "the care and reading of the MSS." could, at the end of the time mentioned, and when the writer insisted on having his papers returned, find only two of the three plays, on one of which was written, "Worthy of consideration," and the casting of the characters set down. The history of the third is so curious, that we give it in the author's own words.

To recover the remaining manuscript, I now was obliged to call almost daily at the Theatre: Mr. Ward never was to be seen; doubtless he thought that I should consider myself sufficiently fortunate in obtaining two out of three Pieces. Except on Fridays, the reply always was—"that he was not in the Theatre;" and, on the above-mentioned day, "he was most particularly engaged with the Sub-Committee." Twice on those occasions I expressed a desire to send in a Note, either to him or to the Committee—the answer was, that "they dare not take any message into the room." Being now totally unable to obtain any admittance to the Secretary, I wrote to him twice, minutely describing the manuscript, which, from its having been regularly bound up, was not so likely to be mislaid; still, however, I could get no answer: at length one day, as I was entering the Theatre, I caught Mr. Ward crossing the

passage; finding that there was no escaping, he very bluntly told me, he "could not find it;" an answer which, however satisfactory it might have appeared to him, I confess was not altogether so to me: it was agreed that I should call on the following day, and examine all the manuscripts that were in his possession. Accordingly I called the next day—"Sir," said Mr. Ward, "I have not your Play—it is not down in the list which Mr. Lamb sent to me." I then shewed to him the title plainly inserted in the list—"Then," said he, "one of the Committee has taken it; each of them has a key to the drawer where they are." I however examined the drawer, which was full of manuscripts, and found mine lying the undermost. "Well, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, "there is no name to it." I then pointed out the title, written in capital letters at the top of the page in which the play commenced: "Sir," said he, "it is not in the first leaf, and how was I to know that it was in any other?" Such reasoning was unanswerable. "Now, Sir," said Mr. Ward, "I have not read your Plays—I did not read any of the Pieces that Mr. Lamb had." It has already been seen that Mr. Kemble does not read the Plays—that he has "nothing to do with them."—Query. Who does read them? During the search I made for my manuscript, Mr. Ward kindly entertained me by whistling, no doubt with a laudable intention of manifesting his perfect indifference, or perhaps to impress me with an idea of his gentility: indeed, in the few interviews that I was able to obtain, his manner was by no means calculated to alleviate the trouble and anxiety of which he was the occasion. On my observing that I had been treated in a most ungentlemanly manner, he left the room, doubtless, unwilling to be the hearer of his own praises.

I shall not remonstrate with the Acting Trustee, on the system which he has exercised towards me—that would be to suppose, he was not insensible to the feelings of a man; the honour of a gentleman: I shall not ask him why, to make way for the introduction of Dramas, which were universally allowed to have been destitute of every qualification, he has caused, the faith of the Theatre to be violated—that would be to suppose he regarded faith; that he respected, not trampled upon, the Drama:—but I would appeal to the Public, in the hope of obtaining whose favour, I have endured an oppression the most irksome to a mind of sensibility—the oppression of a blockhead: I would ask the Countrymen of Shakespeare, the Contemporaries of Sheridan, if such conduct be fitting the Director of a Theatre which hitherto has been the Sanctuary of the National Drama, but now is become the Altar of its immolation?

VOL. III.

Perhaps we have from sympathy, though we never wrote a play, a stronger feeling for the difficulties and distresses of authors than of theatrical managers: and it does appear to us that the line of conduct pursued towards Mr. Barber, was not only discreditable, but infamous. Who can paint the hopes of a young writer, the thirst for fame, the anticipations of success, all warmed into the firmest expectancy of fruition, and all destroyed in the most cruel and offensive manner? We cannot take upon ourselves to say, that his dramas, from their intrinsic merits, ought to have been acted; but we must think that the labour of mind and exertion of talent to which he was invited, the commendations bestowed upon him, the probable expense even of journeys to London and living there, formed powerful claims on every honourable heart, not to blast him merely because a predecessor in authority cherished, but, on the contrary, to give him a fair and candid public trial.

Of the scenes from four plays which the author adds to his volume as specimens of his talent for dramatic composition, we can only say that they are insufficient for us to form a judgment by which we should chuse to abide. The comic is, we think, the most spirited and congenial of these examples; and to that style, should the writer not be sickened of dramatic efforts by the treatment he has experienced, we would advise him to adhere.

The Satire, entitled *The Times*, we do not consider as very happy. The versification is loose and indifferent, and on several of the subjects agitated we conceive satire to be very ill employed. For instance, we cannot think the pure benevolence of Mr. Owen of Lanark a fit theme for ridicule. Were there more of that amiable and good man's disposition in the world, the Satirist's occupation would be gone.

The carelessness of the poetry is, however decisive against it, without the additional censure of its matter. Such lines as the following cannot be reconciled to any scale or measure:

She learn'd ignorance—fashionable vice—
Make way there!—Nay, Gentlemen, don't encroach—

Dress, complexion, all, the youthful girl show
How could she? So many hours in the day—

Nay she is at home, should there not be any,
&c. &c. &c.

We select only one short example—it is the most sweeping, and among the best written passages.

"Come—give your readers, and your Muse,
some breath,

"And do not tire your Pegasus to death;

"Indeed of follies you will scarce find more"—
What! Not more follies? There's at least a score.

Have we not Judges, who sometimes you'll find

To be both Judge and Jury are inclin'd?
Absurdities, which darker ages saw,
Reviv'd, and sanction'd by the Common Law?
Christians, of prejudices so bereav'd,
They'll prove no others but themselves are sav'd?
For 'tis a constant rule with true believers,
Still to protest all others are deceivers.

Protectors of our Rights, who loudly bawl,
'Elective franchise should extend to all?'
See Men of Property, whom Tradesmen curse,
Estates—but not a shilling in the purse;
See Mothers, who are past their fiftieth year,
A rival in each growing Daughter fear;
See Fools, who for redress to Law-suits flee;
See Lawyers, that on both sides take a fee;
See Curates, for few pounds preach thrice a day;
Bishops in private, for ten thousand pray,
"But do"—'Faith, just as little as you guess,
Say Grace at dinners, and at churches—Bless!
See Gallantry just verging on the grave,
Asham'd—lest sin it should be thought to leave.

See Charity convok'd in grave debate,
And anxiously appoint a day—to eat;
To give relief some measures must be ta'en,
Resolved—to dine on Turtle and Champaign.
See Fashion still her patronage extend—
To all—but worth and modesty, a friend.
See England's Drama wither and decay,
Blasted by Peter's pestilential sway.

"Of Peter more! Of Peter sure you dream?
"A heartless blockhead's an ignoble theme.
"Who hunts a rat?"—But when that rat doth slip

Within the timbers of some first-rate ship,
And gnaws 't admit the water's rushing sound,
'Till eighty inches in the hold are found!

"Nay, then I do confess—'tis past a doubt,
"All hands should join to turn the reptile out."—
If dunces only in their station keep,
Heav'n knows, for me they may in quiet sleep.

"A child in its amusement 's seldom thrifty"—
But when the mischief-loving ureh'ia's fifty—

"A child of larger growth his rattle handles"—
Then let him shift the scenes, or snuff the candles.
When in a crew, where for each man there's scope,

Some one, with scarcely brains to pull a rope,
The rudder takes, and will the pilot be,
Steering on rocks—"Faith, toss him in the sea."

"But have you thought what enemies you'll make?

"Even our friends if we advise, forsake"—
What enemies! can any take offence,

Because I censure vice, and want of sense?
I grieve that women will be lost to shame—
Can then a modest—virtuous female blame?

I grieve that statesmen e'er should fancy cause
To cramp our liberties—suspend our laws;
That Polly triumphs o'er the mimic scene,
And Wit's remember'd but as what has been;

That Nature yields to Fashion's childish sway,
And patriot feelings in each breast decay.

Where is the man who lives by Reason's rules,
Who wedded to no party, to no schools,
Indignant at my freedom, will exclaim
That in my satire I've forgotten shame?

That in my satire I've forgotten shame?

That in my satire I've forgotten shame?

That in my satire I've forgotten shame?

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Poetry, which part commences with the era of James I. The House of Stuart were, with all their failings, distinguished for a love of literature and the arts; and even the pedantic James (as he is represented, we think with much of exaggeration) was friendly to the stage and its best writers. Shakspeare received special marks of his favour, and he was the patron of Ben Jonson. Beaumont, Fletcher, Ford, Massinger, and Shirley flourished under his reign; and, with the exception of honest Ben, the romantic school of the drama not only outstripped the classical, but reached its Augustan period. Of the Poets we have designated, Mr. Campbell gives brief and accurate descriptions. The civil wars, however, put an end to this dynasty of our dramatic bards.

Their immediate successors or contemporaries belonging to the reign of Charles I. many of whom resumed their lyres after the Interregnum, may, in a general view, be divided into the classical and metaphysical schools. The former class, containing Denham, Waller, and Carew, upon the whole, cultivated smooth and distinct melody of numbers, correctness of imagery, and polished elegance of expression. The latter, in which Herrick and Cowley stood at the head of Donne's metaphysical followers, were generally loose or rugged in their versification, and preposterous in their metaphors. But this distinction can only be drawn in general terms; for Cowley, the prince of the metaphysicians, has bursts of natural feeling, and just thought in the midst of his absurdities. And Herrick, who is equally whimsical, has left some little gems of highly finished composition. On the other hand, the correct Waller is sometimes metaphysical; and ridiculous hyperboles are to be found in the elegant style of Carew.

Of Herrick, Mr. C. truly and prettily observes, that he has "passages where the thought seems to dance into numbers from his very heart," ex. gr.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying.

But we now come to an epoch made memorable by the name of Milton; who stood alone and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects and of immortal fame. There is an admirable critique on the *Paradise Lost*, with which, however, we shall not enrich our pages, as it goes more into detail than our limits allow us conveniently to follow. A few sentences must therefore suffice.

If we call diction the garb of thought, Milton in his style may be said to wear the costume of sovereignty. The idioms even of foreign languages contributed to adorn it.

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He was the most learned of poets; yet his learning interferes not with his substantial English purity. His simplicity is unimpaired by glowing ornament, like the bush in the sacred flame, which burnt but "was not consumed."

Out of the Restoration sprang one eminent effusion of wit, namely, Hudibras; but the drama degenerated, owing to the infection of French and Spanish literature. Davenant was, as far as costume and mechanism went, a great improver of the stage; and Dryden and Otway were its chief ornaments; the former employing great genius in a wrong direction, and the latter doing too little to establish what was pure and good. With Dryden, who died in its last year, we may close the seventeenth century. To him Prior, Swift, Parnell, Rowe, and, above them all, Pope, succeeded. The finest ear for melody gave to all he wrote a peculiar grace and sweetness, previously unknown to English verse. No wonder that his contemporaries regarded him with the fondest admiration, and that a succeeding age should, with the exception of pseudo-criticism aiming at notoriety by paradox, hail him as one of the greatest masters of the British lyre.

Mr. Campbell, in a strain of the soundest argument, as well as of the best feeling, combats the strange hypothesis, that Pope's poetic merits were less because his images are drawn from Art more than from Nature. Well does he observe that

The faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. [i.e. the similarly exquisite description—for this belongs to the argument.] The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the eternal charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study, than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers.

After some instances in support of this thesis, which can only be questioned by those whose minds are too obtuse to distinguish what is from what is not poetry, our author, in a true tone of poetic feeling, as well as of just illustration, adds—

Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle, and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.

We know not what our readers may think of this sketch of a ship-launch; but for ourselves we desire no finer poetry.

Mr. Campbell does not carry his history nearer our own times, but judiciously concludes with Pope. Our opinion of this Essay has already been given; and its elegance and excellence will, we presume, have been acknowledged even in the few extracts which we have given. It appears to us to be full of admirable thoughts, well expressed in a polished but not highly ornamented style. If labour has been bestowed upon it, it is labour to simplify and model on a pure standard. Possibly we might object to such words as "theorizing," page 11, and "tempest," page 164; but we dare say, if they have not dictionary, they may have poetical authority, with which we cannot, on the spur of the moment, charge our memory.

Our ideas of the biographical notices and extracts will probably be seen hereafter more fully than they could be stated on a cursory glance through these interesting volumes. A correct taste appears to us to pervade the whole; and we only regret that in many cases it was not more liberally indulged. But the Author was necessarily limited in extent, and after all it may be a matter of congratulation, that instead of attempting to supersede preceding writers, he has only added a charming com-

panion to their works; and Perry, Headley, Ellis, &c. will not be the less desirable, nor the less read, because Campbell has followed comprehensively in the same delightful track.

Great pains have been taken to exclude every purring passage which quotations from less refined times are so apt to introduce. In one instance only have we observed that a very gross image has escaped the Author's attention, or perhaps his understanding, for in such a matter it might be well to have to say,

----- Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

As this already popular publication needs no encomium of ours to recommend it, we shall conclude with inserting, merely for the sake of diversity, one or two specimens from poets of the era of which, in this Number, we have been speaking.

THE CHURCH BUILDER.

(Anonymous Author, 1711.)

A wretch had committed all manner of evil,
And was justly afraid of death and the devil;
Being touched with remorse, he sent for a priest,
He was wondrous godly, he prayed and confest;
But the father, unmov'd with the marks of contrition,

Before absolution impos'd this condition:

"You must build and endow, at your own proper charge,
A church," quoth the parson, "convenient and large,

Where souls to the tune of four thousand and odd,

Without any crowding, may sit and serve God."

"I'll do't," cried the penitent, "father, ne'er fear it;

My estate is encumbered, but if I once clear it,
The benefic'd clerks should be sweetly increas'd—
Instead of one church, I'd build fifty at least."

But ah! What is man? I speak it with sorrow,
His fit of religion was gone by to-morrow;
He then huff'd the doctor, and call'd him to naught,

There were churches to spare, and he'd not give a groat.

When he mentioned his vow, he cried D— me,
I'm sober,

But all yesterday I was drunk with October.

From HOLLA MY FANCY, 1709.

Amidst the misty vapours

Fain would I know

What doth cause the vapours;

Why the clouds beight us,

And affright us,

Whilst we travel here below.

Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder;

And what the lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,

And what these comets are on which we gaze with wonder:

Holla, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason

Why the little ant

All the summer season

Layeth up provision,

On condition

To know no winter's want;

And how these housewives that are so good and
painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and
gainful,
And why the lazy drones to them do prove dis-
dainful:
Holla, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?

When I look before me,
There do I behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a gadding,
Running, madding;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth;
So every man his plot and counterplot deviseth:
Holla, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?

SONG IN THE AMOROUS WAR.

By Jasper Mayne.

Time is the feathered thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparkling of thy locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost; and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

Golownin's Recollections of Japan, &c. 8vo.
London 1819.

(Concluded.)

We proceed with our characteristic extracts from this entertaining volume. The musical instruments of Japan consist of a sort of recumbent harp, a kind of violin, flutes, and drums, and many others.

Notwithstanding the cheerful character of the Japanese, their songs have something melancholy and plaintive; their motions in singing always correspond with the words, the attitudes of the singer are therefore frequently very ridiculous; they make horrid grimaces, distort their eyes, turn up the whites, then often put on a cheerful face, or laugh with one side of the face, and cry with the other.

The Japanese love dramatic shows, and have a theatre at Matsumai. They promised us many times to let us see a piece performed, but never kept their word; I conjecture that permission was refused by the government in the capital, to which they applied.

The Japanese often took us into the theatre during the day-time, to shew us the building, and interior arrangements. It is a large, and pretty high building, the back of which is for the stage, and has, as with us, a raised floor. From the stage to the

front wall where the entrance is placed, two rows of seats are made for the spectators; in the middle, where we have the pit, is a vacant place, which has even no floor; but when plays are performed, straw mats are laid down for the spectators, and as this place is much lower than the stage, those in front do not hinder those behind from seeing what passes. They have no orchestra, perhaps because they have no music in the theatres as with us, or because the musicians are reckoned among the actors. Opposite the stage, where, in our theatres there is the emperor's box and the galleries, they have only a bare wall and the door for the entrance. There were no ornaments in the interior; the walls were not even painted, and no side-scenes put up. The dresses and decorations are brought from a particular house. According to our Japanese acquaintance, the subjects of their plays are chiefly memorable events in their own history, but they have also other representations which are of a comic nature, and, as well as the first, serve merely to amuse the public.

The believers in Mermen and Mermaids, (quære, why not Merwomen?) will obtain a new argument from the following.

All the Japanese who visited us, including the men of learning, unanimously affirmed, that in a river, in Japan, there are amphibious animals, which have a body like a fish, two arseheens and above, in length, and covered with scales; and whose head is covered with hair, and resembles that of a man. These wonderful animals come sometimes on shore, and fight or play together, with great cries. If they see any body upon the water, or on the shore, they fall upon him and kill him, but without devouring him. According to the saying of some Japanese, they have a peculiar way of killing people: they tear the entrails out of the stomach. This account looks indeed like a fable; but it is probable that some unusual animal, which is not merely a creature of the imagination, may have given rise to this invention.

It may, however, be more useful to learn something of their agricultural pursuits, and the works of their artisans.

As an instance of the industry and activity of this original people, it may be mentioned that they import from the Kurile islands, into the interior of Japan, herrings spoiled by keeping, to serve as manure for the cotton plants. They first boil the herrings in large iron kettles; then put them in presses, and let all the liquid flow into the same kettles, from which they take the oil for their lamps. What remains of the herrings is spread upon mats, and laid in the sun to dry, till they corrupt, and are almost converted into ashes. They are then filled into sacks and put on board the boats. The earth round each cotton plant is manured with them, which causes the crop to be extremely abundant.

Japan is also rich in silk. Its mines of copper are very productive. Tin, gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, also abound. Hemp is cultivated in the Northern provinces. But their exports, best known and most celebrated in Europe, by the very name of the country, are the wares so admirably finished with the *varnish* peculiar either in its manufacture or produce.

The tree which produces this juice, grows in such abundance, that the Japanese lack all their table utensils, boxes, saddles, bows, arrows, spears, sheaths, cartouch-boxes, tobacco-boxes; in their houses, the walls and screens, and in short every trifle that they wish to ornament. We had the pleasure to see a masterpiece in varnishing. It was a bottle-case belonging to the governor, who sent it for us to look at. The polish on it was so beautiful, that we could see our faces in it as in a mirror. The natural colour of this juice is white, but it assumes any colour by being mixed with it. The best varnish in Japan is usually black, or red, and almost every thing is so varnished; but we saw also, green, yellow, blue, and other varnish. In varnishing, they also imitate marble. The juice, when fresh, is poisonous, and very injurious to those who collect it, for which reason they employ various precautions; but after it has stood for some time in the open air, it loses its poisonous quality. The varnished utensils may be used without danger. The Japanese are so clever in varnishing, that you may pour hot water into a vessel, and drink it, without perceiving the slightest smell of the paint. This, however, is true only with respect to vessels of the best workmanship; in others, you smell the paint, even if warm water is poured into them.

The food and medicines of this people are frequently mentioned by the Author, but we find little different from China or Hindoostan, except, perhaps, in the subjoined notices.

The Japanese are fond of eggs; they boil them hard, and eat them at the dessert like fruit, frequently with oranges. For us, they boiled them in soup with vegetables. For people of distinction, fowls are kept in rooms, where they lay their eggs, and are fed with rice. The great people would not eat the eggs of fowls that run about at their will and pick up what they can find. Many keep also swans, geese and turkeys, but merely for pleasure, as we do peacocks, which they also have.

The gall of the bear is made by them into a solid mass, and used as a strengthening medicine, for weakness in the stomach, and other disorders. It is highly valued by the Japanese for its medicinal virtue, and paid for at a high price. They affirm, that the gall of those bears which are killed in the island of Nippon, is far more efficacious than that of the bears of Matsmai, which latter are therefore less esteemed. The hunters often practise great

frauds in the sale of the bear's gall. When they are on the chase they kill all the animals that come in their way, and take out the gall; if they have the good fortune to kill a bear, they carry him home as publicly as possible, in order to attract attention, and as the Japanese miss no opportunity of purchasing the valuable medicine, all who meet the hunters, ask if they have already sold the bear's gall? The huntsman then gives them the gall of some other animal, and if the purchaser is not a judge, he is defrauded. In this manner they will sell the gall of a bear many times over. Many of the Japanese, however, are able to distinguish by the taste, not only the gall of any animal from that of a bear, but even the gall of the bear of Nippon, from that of those of Matsmai.

As in other countries, there are jugglers and quacks in Japan. Captain G. describes what is a singular, and must be a disgusting practice:—

The following method, by which idle people, especially women, gain money, deserves particular mention. They catch a number of snakes, of different sizes and colours, from which they extract the sting so skillfully, that they cannot do any mischief. Then they strip themselves quite naked, cover merely the parts which decency teaches even savages to conceal, and wind snakes round their arms, legs, and their whole body. In this manner they make themselves a motley covering of the open, hissing serpents' heads; and in this dreadful and brilliant costume, they ramble about the streets, sing, dance, and play all manner of antics, to obtain a reward, or rather charity.

The account given of the Kuriles, and the very interesting journal of the voyages of Messrs. Chvostoff and Davidoff, with which this publication concludes, are not the least novel and curious portions of its contents. The Author thinks that the inhabitants of all the chain of Kurile islands, lying between the South end of Kamtschatka and Japan, are only one nation. The name is derived from the Russian word *Kuril*, to smoke, as their first discoverers saw so many smoking volcanoes on these islands. They call themselves *Ainu*, signifying *Man*, and distinguish the man of each island by its name, for example, *Iturpu-Ainu*, &c. Their bodies are exceedingly hairy and brown; their heads and chins covered with hair of a shining black.

The Kuriles dependent upon Russia are indeed baptized, but have no other idea of religion than that they must cross themselves in the presence of the Russians, and bow before the images of the Saints, which they at other times probably throw, with the crosses, into a corner, or give to their children to play with. If they see any Russians, they put on their crosses, and give the images the place of honour in

their huts; it can, besides, be neither required or expected that they should be attached to a foreign religion, in which nobody instructs them. The priests visit them once a year, and that not always. They see hardly any Russians but *Promyschlenniks* (hunters); rude men, addicted to drinking; whose conduct and cruel treatment of them inspire them with no advantageous opinion of their religion. Hence the Kuriles, though they pretend, before the Russians, to know no religion except Christianity, are still attached to their ancient faith.

They are a filthy people.

Polygamy is allowed among them; they have two or three wives, and the Elders still more. If it happens that an Elder governs several villages, he has a wife in every village. Their children learn nothing except hunting, fishing, the use of the bow and arrow, and the necessary domestic labours. They have no writing, and consequently no written laws; every thing is handed down by tradition from one generation to another.

They live in admirable harmony with each other; and are, in general, mild and good hearted, hospitable, officious and polite. To salute any one, they put both hands, with spread-out fingers, to the face, let them sink slowly on the beard; bend, at the same time, the head a little; look the person sharp in the face, for whom the compliment is intended; and repeat it two, nay even three times, if they do it to a distinguished person. The total want of words of abuse in their language, is a proof of the mildness of their manners. Our Kuriles told us that if they are angry with any body, they call him a clumsy or awkward fellow; if they want to abuse him still more, they call him a fool; a thorough rogue they call a dog. When a Kurile is so out of temper that all this does not satisfy him, he has recourse to Russian words of abuse, which were introduced to them by the *Promyschlenniks*, (Hunters.)

They sit in the same way as the Japanese, *i. e.* cross-legged, like our tailors. They are great friends of tobacco and strong liquors; of the former the Japanese sell to them as much as they please, but the latter only in a limited quantity, which nobody dare exceed, that these dangerous liquors may not bring sickness, discord, and crimes among them.

The Japanese government does not permit the *Ainu* to make use of powder and fire-arms. Their weapons, therefore, only consist of sabres, spears and arrows. They often dip the last in the poisonous juice of the *ranunculus flammula*, and then the wound is generally mortal.

The *Ainu* have not a cheerful countenance, but seem very melancholy and downcast, yet they, however, love singing and dancing. The former is very disagreeable, and the latter consists merely in contortions of the body.

The sun and moon are their divinities. But they have neither temples nor priests, nor any religious law. They believe in two

spirits, the good and the evil. They invoke the first by a bundle of pulse, which they place upon their dwellings. They trouble themselves so little about their belief, that it was long before the Japanese knew whether they had a divinity or not.

We must now conclude our review of Golownin, whose *Recollections*, together with his preceding *Narrative*, in two volumes, present so complete and amusing a view of the remarkable Empire of Japan, as to be every way a most agreeable and excellent publication.

TRAVELS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia. By Joseph von Hammer. Published at Pest.

THE BATHS OF BRUSSA.

The oriental predilection for bathing, an act which the law of Mahomet prescribes as a means of purification, is amply gratified at Brussa. Besides the baths heated by stoves in private houses, the number of which the inhabitants calculate at three thousand, there are seven public and naturally warm baths. Of these, four are situated in the plain at the foot of the mountain, and three on its declivity in the suburb of *Chekeerdsha*. The four first are: *Esket Kap-leedsha*, the old warm bath; *Yenec Kap-leedsha*, the new warm bath; *Kaikerdee*, the sulphur bath; and the bath of *Kara Mustapha*.

"The common style of architecture is observed in these baths, and they are only distinguishable by the degree of splendour which may happen to be given to such edifices. They consist of three principal divisions, namely, the Great Hall, in which the visitors dress and undress on entering and quitting the bath; of the intermediate apartment between the dressing-room (*Jamagan*), and the bath, the passage through which, on the return of the bather, prevents the danger of too sudden a transition from a state of great heat to the cool external air; and, finally, the bath itself which contains the great water basin, or the common bath. Doors lead immediately from this apartment to surrounding closets, each of which is provided with a warm spring for the convenience of those who wish merely to wash themselves with warm water, and not to bathe.

"The dressing-room is a long quadrangle lighted by a number of large windows. In the centre are several cold springs as clear as crystal, in which the visitors refresh and wash themselves. This proximity of cold and warm springs is by no means singular at Brussa, where they are frequently found close to each other without the warmth of the one affecting the icy coldness of the other. It seems to have been the sport of Nature thus to create warm, cold, pure, and mineral springs near each other; and art has imitated her, for it

is no uncommon thing to find warm and cold springs brought to the same fountain, so that one may catch a stream of warm water in one hand, and a stream of cold in the other. Within an elevated wooden balustrade carried round by the walls of the dressing-room, stand a number of sofas, on which the bathers recline, smoke, drink coffee and sherbet, and resign themselves to that state of agreeable inaction, free from care, which the Italians term *il dolce far niente*, and which the Turks designate by the single expressive word *Këif*.*

"The middle apartment, which is likewise a quadrangle, is nearly the size of the preceding, and presents nothing remarkable in the way of accommodation. It is filled with the heat and vapour, which rush from the interior of the bath. It is not too warm for those who enter from the external air, nor too cold for the others who have just quitted the warm bath. It is placed, like purgatory, between the paradise-like coolness and murmuring waters of the outward hall, and the hell-like heat of the steaming water basin.

"The third hall, or the bath, is roofed by a cupola, lighted by only one window at the top; it is either a rotunda or a regular polygon, within which the circumference of the hot water-basin is inscribed. The warm spring flows through a tube, about the thickness of a man's arm, exactly opposite to the entrance from the middle hall; on either side of the quadrangle there are other tubes furnished with pipes and cocks, or closets with marble basins for the accommodation of one, or at most two persons at a time. The interior of the great and superb bath is lined throughout with polished marble, so that the waving surface of the water and the shadows of the bathers are reflected from the sides to the bottom, and from thence upwards. The magical effect of this reflection of young and handsome forms has frequently been described by the Turkish poets and prose writers, who have compared the bathers to lotus flowers on the surface of the water, or to angels in the bath of paradise.

"One of the most celebrated poems on the warm baths of *Brussa*, a city which may with propriety be styled the Bath † of the Turkish empire, is the following by *Nedshatî*, in seven distichs:

"*Jannete daimmeeshdier elkeesa yaran Kapleedsha.*

"Grown the true Paradise, O Friend! is Bath: The Genit and the *Peries* ‡ repair to Bath;

* *Këif*, in Arabic has the double signification of the interrogative *how?* and the substantive *health*. *Këif Këifek* means, *how do you do?* or *literally, how is your health?* *Këifiyat* or *medicine* signifies all stimulants and luxuries, whether permitted or forbidden, which have at least the temporary effect of raising the spirits: such as coffee, tobacco, wine, opium, &c.

† We have taken the liberty to substitute our city of *Bath*, both here and in the translation of the Turkish verses, for the German *Baden*, by which M. Von Hammer has rendered the *Kapleedsha* of the original.

‡ "*Peries*, the light, airy, fragrant, and bril-

There thousands of *Peries* roam about in the morning, And Solomon's seal § is found at Bath.

A stream of enamoured youths pursue the blooming fair ones,

And Love's flame plays among the warm springs of Bath.

Crowds of visitors would not cover the way, Were they not, as by Abraham, || kindly received at Bath.

For all the ills which human kind assail, For every disease, thank God, a cure is found at Bath.

Still of all towns thou remainest the beauty spot, ¶ Though Fashion hath used thee for her point of attraction, Bath,

O! with friendly aspect gladden the heart of poor *Nedshatî*,

For within thy walls the heavy burthen is lightened, Bath!"

"*Eskee Kapleedsha*, the old baths, are the hottest of all; so hot indeed that eggs may be boiled at the spring; they are likewise the most salutary for all kinds of cutaneous diseases. The dome by which they are covered was built by *Murad I.* Under ground are vaults through which the water descends and is carried off. Owing to the fall from the top of these subterraneous vaults, a sort of canal of shell cement has been formed by the sediment of the water and the shells which it carries along with it, which in point of solidity is no way inferior to a marble canal. These subterraneous vaults, from the simplicity of their structure, bear some resemblance to the vaults of the buildings of Grand Cairo, in which the water of the Nile is raised in order to be conveyed through the aqueduct to the castle. At each angle of the basin are pipes, through which the water flows. There are only two detached bathing closets, and the dressing apartment is neither so spacious nor so cool as the dressing-room of the new baths, if we except the smallest of the latter, namely, the bath of *Kara Mustapha Pashaw*, by building which the Grand Vizir of that name immortalized himself.

"The other new bath or *Yence Kapleedsha*, which was built by *Roostem Pashaw*, is situated on rocky ground between the old baths and the town. The cupola, like that of the old baths, is covered with lead, but the coating of the walls and the plaster of the floor, reciprocally reflecting the light from above, and the glassy surface of the bath, render it peculiar in its kind. Formerly it was by no means beautiful, and

liant female spirits of the Persians, who under the name of *Fairies* have emigrated from Asia to Europe.

§ "*Solomon's seal* is with the Turkish poets the image of beautiful lips, having the colour of the finest cornelian or ruby. The phrase may besides be introduced for the purpose of conveying a mystical allusion to the use of the bath, as the Gnostics called their dipping or baptism the seal.—*LXXXIII. Theodoti Excerpta.*

|| "*Abraham* is held out as the pattern of hospitality, in consequence of his having entertained both men and angels.

¶ "A mole is called the *beauty-spot* of the cheek, to which *Brussa*, on account of its beauty, is here compared.

not distinguished by any thing remarkable in its structure, but *Suleiman the Great*, who was here cured of the Podagra, ordered his Grand Vizir *Roostem Pashaw* to roof it with a cupola. The Grand Vizir executed his lord's command at his own expense, and posterity justly named it after the Grand Vizir and not after the Sultan. It is probably that *Suleiman*, who wished to give his own name to all the great works undertaken during his reign, would gladly have attributed to himself the honour of this structure, in the same manner as he claimed that of the great stone bridge in *Romelia*, called *Mustapha Pashaw's* bridge; but neither *Mustapha* nor *Roostem Pashaw* have been deprived of their just reward, and the bridge and the bath retain the names of those by whom they were erected. The name of the founder of the bath is inscribed in porcelain immediately above the entrance to the hot bath. The great basin is no less than seventy feet in circumference, and the stream of water from the principal spring is three inches in diameter. Formerly the water flowed from the mouth of a marble lion, which is now removed. This was apparently an imitation of the celebrated fountain of the Lions at Grenada, with which, in point of splendour, none of the fountains of *Brussa* can be compared. The bath, however, far exceeds that of the *Alhambra* in magnitude and real grandeur, for the great cupola, which is covered with lead and lighted by six hundred panes of glass, is no less than one hundred and twenty cells in circumference. Magnificent as is this cupola for a public bath, upon which day thus looks down with admiration through six hundred crystal eyes, the gloom of the *Alhambra*, to which the light faintly penetrates through star-shaped apertures, and the dome of which may be regarded as the image of a nocturnal sky, is not less suitable to a bath for Arabian Princesses. There day was not permitted to gaze in full light on the unveiled beauties, but was made to assume the mask of night to survey them through the eyes of constellations placed in evil-averting conjunctions. Perhaps to the lions, which are now no longer here, inscriptions were applied, though they could scarcely be more beautiful than the following on the lion's fountain of Grenada:

"Here flow streams, like rewards from the hand of the Caliph,

"When he showers his favours on the Lions of War.

"Thou who considerest the Lion inanimate, beware!

"For these waters inspire him with life."*

"No less appropriate and significant is the Turkish distich inscribed over the dressing room of this bath, and which is also affixed to some others:

* "The idea of making springs flow from the mouths of lions, takes its origin from the remotest antiquity; namely, from the symbolical Nile-Lion of the ancient Egyptians, which, when the sun was in that sign, poured forth the swelling stream as a blessing from his mouth.

"Of dress be not proud, for life's but a room,
Where to leave mortal robes is of mankind the
doom."†

"This is a fit companion to the beautiful
Persian inscription on a Caravansary:

"This world's a Caravansary, fitted up by the
fates,

"We enter and leave it by opposite gates."

"Such are the maxims addressed to the
people of the East by their sages and poets,
from the walls of baths and caravanseras,
from the stones of their fountains, and
bridges, from the tablets of their palaces
and mausoleums. By reminding man of
the transitory nature of life, they exhort
him to use it wisely, and tinge even his
pleasures with the grave colouring of a me-
lancholy."

"*Kairkierdee*, the sulphur bath, is ex-
tremely hot and sulphurous, and is par-
ticularly celebrated for the cure of cuta-
neous diseases.

"The three remaining baths, situated in
the suburb of *Chekeershe*, are, the bath of
Chekeershe or the Locusts, from which
the whole suburb takes its name; the bath
of *Fanee*, named after a celebrated preacher
who lived in the reign of *Sultan Moham-
med IV*; and the bath of *Boi gossel*, or *Of
the fair Form*. These three baths cannot,
in point of size and splendour, be compared
to the four first, but they have the advan-
tage of being situated in houses, which, if
necessary, may be let out to invalids, to-
gether with the whole bath, for their exclusive
use. They are, for the most part, visited by
Greeks, who, on the authority of some old
legends, ascribe to all, but particularly to the
first, the most miraculous properties. There
is a sarcophagus in the court-yard of the
second bath, with an inscription almost ille-
gible. Judging from the name, one might
naturally conclude that the third was ex-
clusively appropriated to the fair sex, but
such is not the case.

"To these baths all men, without dis-
tinction of rank or religion, are admitted
every day in the week except two, which
are set aside for females."

(To be continued.)

† Ghuroor etme libass facherla omre badshander,
Bu kubai jizmi ger bunda kerkess jamagan der.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR DECEMBER 1818.

Art. III. *Memoirs de l'Institut Royal de
France, classe d'Histoire et de Littéra-
ture Ancienne*; tomes III. et IV. Paris
1818. (First Extract.)

(Continued.)

The sect which is the subject of the first
of these memoirs, which inquires into "*the
origin of the worship rendered by the Druzes
to the figure of a calf*," is one of those which
have been the most celebrated in the East,
and which in our days have the most ex-
cited and divided the opinions of travellers.
The superstitious worship in question was
long considered as one of those calum-
nious imputations, of which rival, and
consequently hostile sects, are never spar-
ing towards each other; and as long as

this accusation was found only in the
writings or the mouths of the Mussulmen, or
even of the Maronites, we might reasonably
place it, as M. Volney did, in the class of
doubtful or lying traditions. But after the
publication of the very idol which received
this worship among the Druzes, the philo-
sophical doubt revived by the traveller of
whom we have just spoken, was no more
seasonable; and other testimonies drawn
from the sacred books of the Druzes, and
foreign accounts no less worthy of confi-
dence, render the existence of this extrava-
gant worship henceforth incontestible. The
fact being thus established, it is the origin
of this superstitious practice which M. de
Sacy has proposed to inquire into in his
memoir. To discover it he has been forced
to go back to the very origin of the sect of
the Druzes, and display, perhaps, the most
striking picture of the errors into which
human reason has ever fallen. In fact, of
all the impostors who ever sported with the
credulities of their fellow creatures, there
are few who have not sought, by some ap-
pearance at least of virtue and morality, to
gain credit for the new dogmas which they
preached, and respect for their own persons;
whereas the author of the religion of the
Druzes, a god, prophet and pontiff all to-
gether, was the absurd and ferocious Hakem,
the most insensate and cruel tyrant whose
name has sullied the annals of Islamism.
The progress of the new sect was not on
his account the less rapid, and is only the
more incomprehensible; for though there
are few absurdities which fanaticism is not
capable of realizing or believing, one can-
not conceive how in so small a number of
years, such a numerous crowd of stupid
adherers could be collected round so ridicu-
lous a divinity. It is an historical problem,
which we must regret that M. de Sacy,
fearing that this discussion would be foreign
to his subject, has not solved; but it is pro-
bable that the author will gratify our curi-
osity in his history of the religion of the
Druzes, which will shortly be published.

This religion presents us with a fact still
more astonishing than that of which we have
spoken; it is, that its corruption was as
rapid as its success. It would seem, how-
ever, that a sect thus instituted, could not
admit new errors; it is this prodigy, re-
served for one of the first missionaries of
the Druzes, of which M. de Sacy has en-
deavoured to point out the source and to
furnish the proof. He shews, by numerous
passages of the writings of Hamza, the su-
preme Pontiff of the Druzes, and of Boha-
ed-din, one of the principal ministers of
this rising sect, that the worship of the
calf, and of the buffalo, was at first taught
as an object of horror, as a kind of idolatry
peculiar to the religions that were enemies
of this; or rather, that those opprobrious
expressions were an image familiar to those
sectaries, to designate the kinds of worship
derived from Judaism. From this fact,
which is generally recognised, many learned
men, particularly the celebrated French
Dragoman, M. Venture, thought they
might infer that the figure of a calf was not

presented in the mysterious assemblies of
the Druzes, as an object of adoration, but
as an emblem of the prevailing religions,
on the eve of being sacrificed by their pro-
phet. M. de Sacy, on the contrary, thinks
that it was by a mistake, very worthy of
these sectaries, that the figure of a calf, at
first employed as an allegorical image, to
point out to contempt all other religions,
was transformed into an object of worship.
It is by testimonies that are free from sus-
picion, by the complaints of Boha-ed-din
himself, that M. de Sacy shews the origin
and fixes the epoch of this strange innova-
tion in the primitive worship of the Druzes.
He does more, he endeavours to find out
the author, and by ingenious deductions he
succeeds in discovering him. The love of
domination, as much as that of novelty, in-
duced one of the missionaries, whom Boha-
ed-din had invested with the spiritual go-
vernment of Upper Syria, and who is fre-
quently mentioned, in the books of the
Druzes, under the name of Sekkin, to
usurp the authority of his superiors, by in-
troducing new doctrines; and among the
reproaches directed to this unfaithful minis-
ter, M. de Sacy clearly proves, that that of
paying adoration to a calf was included.
The only difficulty that remains, (even
after all the developments into which the
learned Academician has entered, and
which were supported by the original quo-
tations,) is to explain how an abhorred
and proscribed image could become, in less
than eighteen years, in the eyes of the fol-
lowers of the same worship, an emblem of
the divinity they adored. But perhaps this
inconsistency, which appears to us so great,
is not too improbable in men who added
the prejudices of a sect to the passions of
a party.

The object of M. de Sacy's second me-
moir is to make us acquainted with the
dynasty of the *Assassins*, and to inquire into
the true etymology of their name. This
singular people, which our historians of the
crusades rendered some time so famous,
and whose name has been received into all
the modern languages of Europe, as a
monument of the terror which they inspired,
has had for several centuries only an ob-
scure and disguised existence. Fables have
surrounded its origin, and amid the senti-
ments of horror and contempt which follow
even now the remains of this sect, it is very
difficult to discriminate its true principles,
and to unite in a faithful and complete pic-
ture, its religious and historical traditions.
One and the same sect, that of the *Ismaeliens*,
whose allegorical doctrine substituted the
indefinite liberty of thinking for the autho-
rity of revelation, inundated the East with
a crowd of rival sects, which agreeing in
some points, modified on all others this
convenient doctrine of allegory, as it
suited their passions, their ambitious views,
and their political interests. Among these
sects, to which M. de Sacy attributes the
same origin, and a common system of phi-
losophy or rather of impiety, the most
celebrated were the *Karmates*, who ruled
in Syria, the *Nosaires*, the *Fatimites*, who

detached Africa and afterwards Egypt from the Empire of the Abassides; the *Druzes*, the *Ismaelians* of Persia, specially known under the name of *Molhed*, or the impious, doubtless, because more faithful to the spirit of their system, they more openly threw off the yoke of social propriety and religious practices; lastly, the *Ismaelians of Syria*, to whom is more particularly applied the name of *Assassins*.

M. de Sacy proceeds first to demonstrate the secret and hitherto unperceived bonds which united the Karmates and Fatemites of Egypt; and it results, at the same time, from these curious deductions, that in the opposition of their interests, these two sects, of one common origin and a similar doctrine, mutually thought only of combating and destroying each other. M. de Sacy then proves, that the same bonds subsisted between the Fatemites and the Ismaelians of Persia, and this is the principal object of his memoir. Before he goes back to the origin of the sect, and of the dynasty of the Ismaelians of Persia, he points out the original sources whence the few ideas have been drawn, which have hitherto been collected respecting this famous sect; he shews the insufficiency of them, in comparison with the abundant materials collected by a modern historian or compiler, the Persian Mirkond, and he assures us that by adding to the numerous testimonies produced by that author, those which are furnished by Elmacin, Abou'l-feda, Abou'lfaradj, and some other Arabic writers, we may easily follow the progress of the power of the Ismaelians, from its origin to its destruction. Such is, in fact, the picture traced by M. de Sacy, beginning with the first adventures of Hasan-ben-Sabah the founder of this dynasty, about the year 48 of the Hegira; the establishment of Hasan at Alamont, the chief town of the Ismaelians; the best authenticated particulars of the life of this celebrated person, and the principal events which marked the course of the power of his successors till the year 65; at which time it was destroyed in Persia by the Mogul Houlagou—crown this picture, which is full of important facts, of new and curious ideas, but in which we should, perhaps, desire more circumstantial details, and more historical developments, if the extract of this part of the history of Mirkond, translated into French, and accompanied by the notes of M. de Sacy himself, did not complete those parts which are too succinct, and in appearance too superficial, in the narrative of the learned Academician.

M. de Sacy then proceeds to the origin of the name of the Assassins, of which he proposes a new etymology, after having refuted all those that have hitherto prevailed. M. de Sacy, finding that the Ismaelians or Assassins are frequently mentioned by the Arabic historians, under the name of the *Haschiachis* or *Hasshaschis*, conjectures, with infinite probability, that this name must come from the Arabic word *Haschisch*, which signifies in general *grass* or *forage*, and to which, in this particular case, he

ascribes a more extensive signification, that of an intoxicating beverage made from the hemp plant, the use of which, attested by numerous writers and travellers, ancient and modern, is still very general in the East, especially in Persia and Egypt, notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the prohibitions of government. The state of ecstasy, reverie, and delirium, caused by the frequent use of this liquor, was so favourable to the views of seduction entertained by the chief of the Assassins, and to the delusions with which it was necessary for him to strike the imagination of his myrmidons, that it is natural to explain by this means, the marvellous accounts of the historians of the middle ages; and if some objection should be still urged, some doubt still entertained relative to this explanation, we venture to believe that the developments into which M. de Sacy has entered will satisfy the most rigorous criticism as well as the most eager curiosity. Yet, after all the authorities produced by the learned Academician, there are some which we are surprised not to find at least hinted at in his dissertation; and as we cannot place this omission to the account of his memory, he must have had some reason for passing them over, which we do not venture to seek after.

In the third part of his memoir, M. de Sacy examines into and explains the various denominations by which the Assassins have sometimes been designated in the Oriental Authors. This discussion, which completes the picture which the Author intended to give of the origin and the spirit of the sect of the Ismaelians of Persia and Syria, will be highly instructive and interesting to those persons, in particular, who are familiar with the languages and history of the East.

The late M. Clavier, whose name renews the regret which his recent loss has caused all friends of letters, has enriched these volumes with two highly curious dissertations. In the first he has endeavoured to clear up the history of one of the principal families of Athens, that of Callias. The second memoir is "Upon Apollodorus, the tyrant of Cassandra." The first of these memoirs, in particular, is extremely important and interesting; and we may, perhaps, give some farther account of it when the remaining part of these volumes comes under our review.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM ROME.

Rome, January 16, 1819.

WE have now the agreeable certainty that the Emperor and Empress of Austria will soon be here. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena will probably accompany them. The Archduke Palatine will shortly arrive from Naples, and the Grand Duke Michael from Florence. The Princes of Holstein-Augustenburg are already here.

The theatres go on in their usual way.

The rope-dancers in Tor di Nona paper the fronts of the buildings with immense and hideous representations of the feats which they intend to perform. It seems to be in Italy as every where else, that the public becomes too learned, without understanding more clearly what is necessary.

Pinelli, who is well known both at home and abroad by his etchings and drawings, in which he attempts to represent scenes of vulgar life in the streets of Rome, is now publishing a series of etchings from the Roman history. By way of frontispiece, he has etched himself standing and musing before ancient Rome, round which lie overthrown fragments, eagles, fasces, &c. Behind him his dog is sitting, and his tomb-stone stands. In the background a troop of monks are carrying a corpse through a triumphal arch. The public sale of this print is a proof that the *censure* is at least very unequal. There is as much *mannerism* and monotony in the heads of his Romans, as there is truth and life in many of the street scenes which he has presented.

The Aldobrandi Collection is now exposed for sale. It contains, among other paintings, a very fine Guido Reni, in his bright manner; Joseph, with the infant Jesus; six Studies from Correggio's frescos at Parma, two from his Saint Sebastian; the duplicate or copy of Titian's portrait, which is at Stuttgart; and two gems of the Flemish school, a Wouvermans, and a Paul Potter.

It is said here that the Vatican library will shortly undergo a new arrangement, and that Mr. Frederick Schlegel will be invited hither as chief librarian.

Rome, January 30, 1819.

A pamphlet has just been published here by Mr. Fea, upon the approaching search for antiquities in the Tiber. It is written with more perspicuity, argument, and modesty, than the former productions of this singular man. First, he justifies the Pope, St. Gregory, who is affirmed, in Naro's *Programme*, to have had the statues of the temples, &c. thrown into the Tiber. Probably the lime-kilns destroyed the most, and the baronial feuds the rest. It is very likely that but little was thrown into the river. Fea maintains, that not much will be found, and supports his assertion by arguments. He needed not to have troubled himself to refute the popular tradition that the candlestick from the Temple at Jerusalem lies in the river.

The steps before the Temple of Peace are now clearing, and the side of it towards the Golden House, that the world may at length know which way the Via Sacra turned. One can now scarcely enjoy the Campo Vaccino, though the heaps of rubbish begin to be covered with grass, and the places that are left open do not smell of musk, which it is well known throws the Roman ladies into convulsions.

Rome will suffer a great loss by the death of King Charles of Spain. The diminution of the annual circulation of money may be estimated, without exaggeration, at 500,000

scudi. The gallery of St. Alasio, consisting of between five and six hundred pieces, among which are some capital pictures, has already been removed to the Spanish palace, and will probably be sent to Madrid. The diamonds and pearls, among which is said to be the largest known, were put under seal some days since.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, FEBRUARY 27.

On Saturday the 20th instant the following Degrees were conferred:—

DOCTOR IN MEDICINE.—Henry Wm. Carter, of University College, one of Dr. Radcliffe's Travelling Fellows on the Medical Line.

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.—Rev. Ambrose Dawson, and Rev. Ashburt Turner Gilbert, Fellows of Brasenose College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Herbert White, Scholar of Corpus Christi College, and William Samuel Birch, of Oriel College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Edward Unwin, Gentleman Commoner of Oriel College, grand compounder; James A. H. Grabbie, and Patrick Ward, of Exeter College; Hugh Rowlands and John Hughes, of Jesus College; Thomas Wm. Bramston, Fellow of All Souls' College; Robert Dalzell Thompson, Fellow of New College; John Harvey Ashworth and Henry Jennings, Scholars of University College; Right Hon. Lord Clarina, Nobleman, George Randolph, Charles William Knyvett, William Fisher, John Hunter Fawcett, Henry Bagshaw Harrison, Henry Bull, Thomas Cozens Percival, Students, John Charles Powell Tuffnell, William Holland, George Digby Winfield, William Kaye, George Freer, Thomas Gretton, of Christ Church; Richard Conington, Scholar of Lincoln College; John Prichard, of Brasenose Coll.; Amos Crymes, of Balliol Coll.

On Tuesday last the Rev. Thos. Charles Ord, of University College, was admitted Master of Arts.

Wm. Stalman, Demy of Magdalen College, and Richard Bethell, Scholar of Wadham College, Bachelors of Arts, were admitted Collectors.

The whole number of determining Bachelors of Arts is two hundred and twenty-four—a much greater number than for the last 50 years.

CAMBRIDGE, FEBRUARY 26.

We are gratified in having to announce, that the valuable Oriental MSS. bequeathed to this University by the celebrated African traveller Burckhardt, consisting of upwards of 300 volumes, have safely arrived, and are now deposited in the Public Library.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Mr. Francis L. Holyoake, of St. John's college, was on Wednesday last admitted Bachelor of Arts.

The following gentlemen have been appointed corresponding members of the Society of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres:—M. Consigny, French Consul at Salonicha, well known as the author of several numismatic works; M. Docqueville, Consul-General at Jonnina, the author of a *Jour-*

ney through Greece; and the Abbé Mai, Librarian of Milan, the editor of several Greek and Latin works which have not yet been published.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Prussian officer, distinguished for learning, who lately spent some time at Wisbaden, has, at his own expense, carried on several excavations, in the hope of rendering his visit to the ancient country of the Celts profitable to science. In course of the search, the following antiquities were discovered:—A Druidical altar, which had been overthrown, and was at first supposed to be an ordinary *tumulus*; a vase and a patera for sacrifices, and various arms and rings, all of bronze; a glass vase with a cover; several coloured glass rings; cornelians of various forms; swords and spear-heads of exquisite workmanship; various sharp tools of stone, among which is a saw of *silex*. A vaulted cave was also discovered, containing ashes, calcined bones, and what is still more curious, several perfect skeletons in Roman dresses; near one of the skeletons was a superb *conchareneris*, entirely petrified.

The bookseller, Schellenberg, of Wisbaden, intends to publish a full account of these discoveries, with lithographic plates. The volume will contain an introduction from the pen of the learned Antiquary, *Lehné* of Mentz.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This Exhibition is, we observe, to be closed on the 27th instant; and from the statement at the end of this notice it will be seen, with feelings of gratification, that it has been far from barren of benefits to our native school. It still indeed possesses many pictures which we could wish were never returned to the places of their production; but since *much* has been done, we must be patient that *all* has not been accomplished. On the 12th of April, a *new* Gallery of the *old* masters will be opened, and consequently another source of advantage to the arts and artists result from the invaluable system of this noble Institution. Thus it runs in a ring, of which it would be difficult to say which part is the most auspicious to our national improvement. The works of our own countrymen and times are displayed and sold;—the wealth of ancient and foreign painters are made subservient to the same end, since their liberal loan and profitable exhibition only makes a fund for the encouragement and reward of native and living genius;—then they form an example for students, whose efforts complete the circle, and join where it begins, by being favourably submitted to public praise and patronage.

We perceive from our list that several

pictures exhibited last year at Somerset House have only *now* been sold; and we mention the fact as an argument in favour of some further pains being taken to promote the disposal of the works admitted by the Royal Academy. Amidst so much portraiture and private property, the public are scarcely aware that the purchase of many of the pictures would be an effectual and often munificent encouragement of struggling merit. But the academicians managers are sometimes so busy in parading their own doings, that they do not pay sufficient attention to the interests of their less fortunate brethren.

No. 202. Gil Blas seizing the Key from Dame Leonora, to effect his Escape with Donna Mercia from the Cave of the Robbers. *F. P. Stephanoff*. The story of Gil Blas is so connected with our early associations, that few who have read that popular novel are not highly interested in the scenes it describes, among which none have excited more attention than the subject of Mr. Stephanoff. In this performance the artist has united great powers of execution with considerable skill in the drama of the piece. The interior of the cave, where the light is permitted to shine, is hung round with the spoils of the banditti, which, from their character and colour, give a richness to the parts they occupy, and contrast the retiring gloom. The chief importance is assigned to the situation of the old Beldam, who is on her knees, but not in a supplicating attitude, while Gil Blas is, with a pistol at her head, wrenching the keys of the dungeon from her unwilling hand. Donna Clara is placed a little more distant, with an expression of alarm at the event. Her terror, however, is not, we think, sufficiently strong, and there is rather a chalkiness than a hue of dread in her countenance. Even the hero is less agitated than we could suppose probable from his fearful enterprise. But the old hag makes amends for all, as an effort of art. We never saw a more perfect delineation of mixed passion,—of cunning, malignity, a little trepidation, and a great deal of fiendish hope that something might occur to avenge her of those who had taken advantage of her lone powerlessness. This figure is such a favourite with us, that we are sorry to add it is entirely *English* without one *Spanish* feature, and therefore out of its proper place.

No. 227. The Hay-cart: Evening. *C. Cranmer*. This pleasing picture is painted with great truth, clearness, and brilliancy of effect. There is nothing resorted to by which the opposition of earth and sky is often made to contrast, without regard to time of day, of circumstances, of light. The foreground is in that kind of reflected light which suits the character of the heaven above, and the small clouds which attend the departure of the sun seem to repose in the quiet stillness of the scene. The figures are also in good taste.

Nos. 18 and 20. A Page carrying a Helmet; and A Country Boy. *H. P. Bone*. Two subjects, painted with clearness,

strength, and fidelity, and in a good style of colouring. The former, we think, particularly marks the advance of a youthful artist.

No. 33. Eve. *J. Molesworth*. The name of the painter, but not the manner of the painting, is new to us. We may congratulate him, however, upon a fair specimen of a fair subject. The background is rich and harmonious, and the *tout ensemble* suitable to the theme from *Paradise Lost*.

No. 2. An Old Lace Maker; 8. Painting; 119. Interior of a Cottage; 135. Bordeaux Diligence—*Geo. Jones*. The two first-mentioned pictures are principally worthy of remark for the peculiar effect of light: their tone is harmonious and transparent. The Interior is a brilliant little gem, with great spirit and effect. The Diligence, it will be remembered, has only travelled from Somerset House, whence we had supposed its characteristic excellence would not have suffered it to proceed without a *fare*. It occurs to us that Mr. Jones paints chiefly from observation; a little closer attention to his model in subjects of this kind would raise his productions very high in the scale of art—as it is, they are always lively, intelligible, and interesting.

Nos. 7, 22, 197, 246, 251. Views in England and Scotland, *P. Nasmyth*. The landscapes of this artist continue to attract us by the truth and fidelity with which they are executed. Among the above we were struck with 246, a View between Gravesend and Northfleet, which would do credit to the pencil of a Ruysdale or a Hobbema. The others are in a style of great picturesque beauty.

Nos. 10, 27, 193, Views, *Miss Gouldsmith*. That Miss Gouldsmith is in the right road no one who examines 27 (a view on the Edgware Road) can have a doubt. The subject is rendered valuable by the way in which it is treated. Sober in its effect, the corresponding hues are in perfect accordance; and although nature may be seen under every variety of splendour both of light and colour, yet, from what we have had occasion to observe, the reproof that was given to a young painter who had loaded his Helen with ornaments, "not being able to make her handsome, you have made her fine," might aptly enough apply to some of our landscape painters, who seem determined to decorate all their scenes with gay and splendid tints.

We promised in our No. 109 a list of the pictures sold since this gallery opened. We know no practically better way of serving the interests of our native school of arts, and doing justice to its patrons, and are therefore glad to say that the catalogue, as we expressed a hope would be the case, has since been lengthened. We have in a few instances mentioned the prices given for the pictures, and may notice that the aggregate of purchases amounts to nearly eighteen hundred guineas.

5. Grove Scene, by J. Stark; purchased by J. Allnutt, Esq.

11. Departure of the Diligence from Rouen, W. Collins—Sir Geo. Beaumont. 200 *gs.*
13. ChinaMenders, D. Wilkie—Phillips, Esq. M.P. 130 *gs.*
14. Shylock, J. Jackson—T. Gorte, Esq. 80 *gs.*
16. Boy's Head, a study, W. Davison, —J. Allnutt, Esq. 20 *gs.*
22. Cottage Scene, P. Nasmyth—J. Baidon, Esq.
26. The Return of Louis XVIII. E. Bird.—Earl of Bridgewater.
40. Fifth of November, W. F. Witherington—Marquis of Lansdowne, 120 *gs.*
66. A Frolic, C. C. Coventry—Jas. Parker, Esq.
68. The Coquette, C. C. Coventry—James Smith, Esq.
71. View on the river Yare, George Vincent—Countess de Grey, 120 *gs.*
75. View near Windsor, W. Ingaltion—H. R. Hoare, Esq.
78. A Mill, J. Constable—Jas. Pinhorn, Esq.
81. Mother and Child, Mrs. W. Carpenter—Mrs. May.
85. Scene on the Coast of Norfolk, W. Collins, —The Prince Regent, 150 *gs.*
86. The Boulevards, J. J. Chalon—Thomas Hope, Esq. 50 *gs.*
87. Anne Page and Slender, C. R. Leslie—Richardson, Esq. 50 *gs.*
92. Magna Charta, A. W. Devis—Alexander Davison, Esq. 400 *gs.*
96. Study from Nature, Ab. Cooper—N. Ridley Colburne, Esq.
97. Broadstairs, John Wilson—Rev. W. Long.
98. Sheffield, T. C. Hoffland—Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart.
99. Back of Broadstairs Pier, John Wilson—J. Glover, Esq.
101. Taking out the Thorn, W. Kidd.—J. Wilkinson, Esq.
105. The Cat disturbed, Edwin Landseer—Sir J. G. Egerton, Bart. 25 *gs.*
108. The Wanton Puppy, the Same—H. R. Hoare, Esq. 20 *gs.*
113. Life Guards charging the Cuirassiers at Waterloo, Wm. Findlater—J. Wilkinson, Esq.
119. Cottage Interior, George Jones—G. Morant, Esq.
122. Dead Game, B. Blake—J. Allnutt, Esq.
123. The Standard Bearer, Ab. Cooper—N. Ogle, Esq.
126. The Burning Shame, T. M. Wright—Th. Tomkisson
128. Game at Put, S. Woodin, jun.—Marsh, Esq.
135. Bordeaux Diligence, &c., Geo. Jones—G. Watson Taylor, Esq. 45 *gs.*
138. Scene from Falconer's Shipwreck, W. Anderson—J. Gorte, Esq.
144. Coast Scene, Chas. Deane—T. Stokes, Esq.
159. The Coach, &c., W. R. Bigg—Countess de Grey.
169. Landscape, S. Palmer, jun.—J. Wilkinson, Esq.
180. White Knights, T. C. Hoffland—Duke of Marlborough.
188. Newfoundland Dog and Rabbit, E. Landseer—E. Dymock, 35 *gs.*
197. Argyle's Bowling Green, P. Nasmyth—R. Frankland, Esq. M.P.
202. Gil Bias seizing the keys from Dame Leonora, &c., F. P. Stephanoff—J. Allnutt, Esq.
205. Landscape, J. Wilson—J. Glover, Esq.
212. The Rat-Catcher, R. B. Davis.—Lombard, Esq.
213. Flemish Boats, John Wilson—Thomas Stokes, Esq.
215. Interior of a Cowhouse, J. Stark—James Sedgwick, Esq.
218. Fighting Dogs, E. Landseer—Sir George Beaumont, Bart.
239. The Owl, R. B. Davis—H. R. Hoare, Esq.

244. Village Choristers tuning, Wm. Norice—James Reid, Esq.
246. View near Gravesend, P. Nasmyth—Earl Brownlow, 40 *gs.*
252. Ullswater, C. Deane—T. W. Quintin, Esq.
260. Pheasant Shooting, T. C. Turner—J. Wilkinson, Esq.

EXHIBITION—HAYDON'S PUPILS, &c.

AN Exhibition of drawings from the Cartoons, Elgin marbles, &c. by young artists, pupils of Mr. Haydon, has been for several weeks open in St. James's-street, and (lastly) Pall Mall. These young gentlemen are, we believe, a Mr. Bewick and two Messrs. Landseer; a Mr. Webb, and possibly other Messieurs, with whose names we are unacquainted. Previous, however, to noticing their productions, it may be allowed us to bestow a few observations on their master, and on the position which he holds in our school of arts; especially as great animosity and personal pique seem to exist between him and other artists and periodical critics. Mr. Haydon is a man of undoubted talent. With a high feeling for what is truly great in the arts, he has executed several works which give him celebrity and an elevated rank. Unfortunately, however, he does not appear to have been satisfied with such fame as his pencil acquired for him, and, in an evil hour, became the eulogist of his own genius with the pen. Inordinate vanity increases in appetite by being fed on the stimulating food of self-praise. Mr. Haydon painted less and wrote more. Unluckily too, he associated himself with men ready during their intimacy to prostitute panegyrics gross enough to be acceptable at his shrine. He was the idol to whom sonnets and puffs, in prose and verse, were daily offered, and the divinity himself, acting the part of high-priest, brought similar sacrifices to his paper altar. As generally falls out, dissensions arose among the little junta. Examiners and Champions, and the two or three other periodical publications to which they had access, no longer teemed with assertions that Haydon was a new Raffaele, and all the rest of England's painters mere daubers. Revilings have succeeded to encomiums, and those who were so prone to exalt the artist above his competitors, are now the most indefatigable in levelling him below his deserts. He is almost alone in the accustomed and once associated course; and it must be confessed, that if assiduity in placard and paragraph, ingenuity in puffing, and acrimony in abusing others, could constitute a Great Genius in the Arts, Mr. Haydon need little regret the loss of the servile bands who have deserted and turned against him. He is a perfect Ajax in this way, and can meet a whole regiment of Thersiteses.

But alas! this is not the right road to immortality, and it is lamentable to see a really admirable and most promising artist so employed; not only degrading himself, but disgracing his high profession by the expedients of the quack and tricks of the Charlatan. These remarks are written in

no spirit of hostility : they proceed from an earnest wish that Mr. Haydon would overwhelm all enemies by devoting his sterling abilities to his art, rather than pursue a contemptible system, which, whatever he may think of it, gets his merits to be forgotten or lost sight of, and his name and talents combined only with the idea of a newspaper puffer.

The chalk drawings, &c. now exhibiting by his pupils, do their school much honour; though we cannot deem them worthy of being thus shown at a price to visitors. The cartoon of the Beautiful Gate is very excellently copied, and meets our entire approbation as a work of art, and so do most of the others, except in the tinging of the cheeks with red. We should as soon have expected to see a person of taste colouring the Venus de Medicis or Apollo Belvidere. The Elgin Marbles furnish many noble subjects, and their study cannot be too deeply impressed as a means to give young men sublime notions and conceptions of art. Mr. Haydon, in a rhodomontade letter, claims the 'glory' of having been the first to call the public attention to these divine productions; from which one might imagine that they were obscure things smuggled into this country without an idea of their superlative merit. But if it be a glory to have recognized beauty in what no eyes we believe, except those of besotted Turks or degenerate Greeks, ever beheld without acknowledging their superiority, that glory is neither due to Mr. West nor Mr. Haydon; and a more preposterous assumption could hardly be made than that of assigning it to either the one or the other. Mr. Haydon had, however, the credit of being among the earliest enthusiasts and raptured students attracted to these matchless specimens on their arrival in England.

In this Exhibition there are some elaborate and well-executed anatomical studies of bones and muscles. Certainly these are the ladders to perfection in delineating the human figure—the utmost point at which the art can arrive. Upon the whole, there is a vast deal of promise in the efforts of these young artists, and we are of opinion that nothing can prevent their becoming ornaments to their country, if they cultivate their talents diligently, and avoid the literary career of their instructor.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

THE JOYS OF MEETING.

When the friends whom we love, in a mournful time
Quit their dear native land for a foreign clime,
Oh! what is the anguish that rends the heart
In pronouncing the sorrowful words "we part!"
But the countless, wearisome hours of pain
Are lost in the joy of meeting again.
Then, what tho' we hear the billows roar,
Or see the surge beating against the shore,—

When we view the Ocean between us that rolls,
How we long for the sweet interchange of souls;
Oh! to talk of the days we together have known;
And all that has past since those days have flown;
To gaze on the features so lov'd, so dear,
And feel the eye wet with a joyful tear,
To tell how that parting was felt, and wept,
How that image pursu'd us while we slept,
How each night recall'd the fair days gone by,
And each morn beheld the sweet vision fly;
Then to gaze on the form which greets our view,
And pronounce at length that the joy is true!—
Then, what tho' we hear the billows roar,
Or the surge beating against the shore,
Or what is the thunder that threatens above,
When clasp't in the arms of the friend we love!
Oh! I have seen some flow'r of Spring,
Blooming, and bright, and flourishing,
And I have seen the pitiless snow
Descend, and lay the young flow'r 't low;
And yet that tender and shrinking flower
Shall bloom again in the sunny hour.
So have I seen some susceptible heart
Wither'd and torn when compell'd to part.
Cold is that heart which was warm before,
Yet there is a smile which could peace restore,
And when that smile shall cheer it once more
It shall boast the pow'r of the sunny ray
Which melted the chilling snow away—
And the Mourner who droop'd in the hour of
pain,
Shall venture to lift his head again.

Feb. 25, 1819.

HELEN.

A SONG.

Lie silent now, my lyre,
For all thy master's fire
Is gone.—It vanish'd like the summer sun.
Brightly the passion rose,
And, 'till its turbulent close,
It shone as bright, tho' all he wished was won.

Deem me not false, ye fair,
Who, with your golden hair
And soft eyes, chain man's heart to yours: the
deer
Thus bound by beauty's chain
Wanders not again:
Prisoner to love, like me—never to fear.

She whom I loved has fled;
And now with the lost dead
I rank her: and the heart that loved her so,
(But could not bear her pride)
In its own cell hath died,
And turned to dust,—but this she shall not know.

"Twould please her did she think
That my poor frame did shrink,
And waste and wither; and that Love's own light
Did blast its temple, where
'Twas worshipp'd many a year;
Veiled (like some holy thing) from human sight.

Oh! had you seen her, when
She languished, and the men
From the dark glancing of her fringed eye
Turned, but returned again
To mark the winding vein
Steal tow'rd her marbled bosom—silently.

What matters this?—thou Lyre,
Nothing shall e'er inspire
Thy master to rehearse those songs again:
She whom he loved is gone,
And he—now left alone,
Sings, when he sings of love, in vain, in vain.

B. O. H.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. V.

A SCENE IN THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

"Order the carriage, John; and tell Mrs. Bennett (her maid) to bring my shawl." "Which, Madam?" "My India shawl—no—my French shawl—or my pelisse trimmed with ermine; and—John"—"Madam"—"Tell that confectioner that he is a low-lived tradesman, and never more to dare to knock a double knock at a gentleman's door; and if he is saucy, kick him down stairs—and, John"—"Madam"—"If that reduced gentlewoman comes, tell her never to darken my doors again. A pretty thing to have shabby genteels rapping at one's house! What may some of my quality friends think? Why that she's an acquaintance or a poor relation, and so disgrace your master and me. Such trumpery ought to be shown down the airy" (area, she meant.)

"What shall I say to the tailor that made your habit?" said John.—"Why tell him that he is an ignorant, presumptuous, fellow; and bid him know his distance and keep his place. Tell him, not to dare to send in his filthy bill until the end of the year, and then he'll be told when he may wait on me to be paid. Folks of fashion never pay but once in two years; and that only when they are rich like your master and me, and have nothing better to do with their money. As for me, I've got to pay for my box at the Opera, and my milliner a swingeing bill, and one hundred pounds for ices and fruits, and my debts of honour besides."

"But, Madam, the man is very poor." "So much the worse! If he'd any merit he'd be rich. But that comes of employing such vermin. I only did it to please Lady Virginia Sensitive, a silly woman, and I never will again employ any workman who does not keep his carriage. Not that I approve of the lower order of people aping us; but I must have a credible tradesman who works for all the quality, and can lay out of his money for seven years." (John)—"The man has a large family, and will be put in prison if he has not your small amount." "My small amount, fellow! a paltry ten pounds, for making and altering! and after all I look like a hog in armour in the habit. (True enough; but not the tailor's fault. "En prenez vous à la nature," might have been said to this proud dame.) I don't care if he does go to prison; and as for his small family, what is his family to me or your master? We did not get them. Such reptiles ought not to marry and burthen the parish with their brats, whereby they interfere with the luxuries of the first order. Is one to pinch oneself in one's appearance and appointments because a scurvy work-

man must fall in love with some trollop and marry her, and so give the higher classes his family to keep?"

(John.) "Ma'm, your Uncle was here to-day, and was very earnest for an answer to his letter." "Here, give Mr. Norris a one pound note; but never dare to call him my Uncle. Tell him, it is the last that he must expect, and that if he persists in dishonouring me by calling, I will send for a constable to take him up."

"But hark, who's that a making such a noise?" "It's George and Laura, Ma'm." "George and Laura, Ma'am! Pray, sirrah, who do you call George and Laura? Do you mean Master George Augustus Frederick, and Miss Laura Zephira Constantia Budge, the only children of John Budge, Esq. of Aliger Hall, and of Myrtle Lodge? How durst you, sirrah, speak thus familiarly of your master's and my children? (Her's to a certainty.) You must be better drilled! For example, when I went out of the library to-day, there you stood like a stake, staring like a stuck pig, and grinning like a Cheshire cat, instead of having a respectful and composed compearance, and putting up your hand to your hat! And then, you fool, you play with the lap-dog when you follow me, instead of walking bolt upright, like a quality servant. But that comes of taking louts out of the country. You know I have given you warning; and so you must bundle next month; and I shall look out for Lord Philander's black as is out of place. I'll be bound he knows what's what, and can behave as he ought to a lady."

"Come, call the foot-boy; I wish the brat was not so short; and let him put on his new livery, with the double gold lace and tags; and do you the same; and don't forget to take your cane with you, nor to use it neither in brushing off the beggars when I descends from my carriage, that I may have a free passage, and go out like myself. Come, stir your stumps! What are you gaping at? And let Mrs. Bennett tell your master as I dines at half past seven, and goes afterwards to a consort."

Should the reader wish to know Mrs. Budge's history, it is as follows:—

Mrs. Budge is the daughter of a day labourer, who left her on the parish. Her mamma imitated her betters, and took unto herself a second husband, during the life of her first one. Dolly Budge entered the service of Mr. Specious, an attorney, as maid of all work. Her place was so much in the general line (as we see upon suspicious shops, where more trades than one are carried on, and where conscience is not very troublesome as to how the vender came by the vended articles,) that in a few months her appearance was rather equivocal. John Budge at that time made a shining character of his master, by bestowing on his old boots the only polish about him. He also swept the counting-house; and occasionally volunteered his services as a bailiff's follower; thus being (as well as in his shoe-brushing occupation) at the foot of his profession.

Dolly looked always rather high; so that, one day, in a paroxysm of rage, she almost strangled her master, on account of her unhappy situation. Now the attorney, who had always a dread of being throttled, and thought that many a clever man goes out of the world that way, determined upon getting rid both of Dolly and Co. He accordingly one day called up John, and offered him a bargain of her, which John accepted, "at one hundred pounds of good and lawful money of the realm." John was now promoted to be a clerk, and Dolly was made an honest woman of, and set up in the brokering line, which, although it did not improve her honesty, yet very much increased her fortune. John Budge was active, sly, bold, and had no qualms of conscience. He was, moreover, a hard swearer (a most useful thing in his and his wife's trade;) and at length, betwixt valuations and executions, and ejections and sales, this worthy couple grew into great affluence.

Mr. Budge now became partner in the house of Specious and Budge, and the devil having arrested the former in his progress, took him in execution, and left the business to Mr. Budge. The goodwill of Mrs. Budge's shop (who by the by had never shown good will to any one) was sold at a high price, and she now became an attorney's lady. Next, business throve so, that Mr. Budge did the whole by deputy, and set up for a man of fashion, with his carriages, town and two country houses, and every etcetera of high life.

Fortune can thus make rich and powerful those who have been poor, abject, and base; but to make a gentleman or a lady is beyond her power. Humanity, education, grace, polish, and accomplishments, are not purchasable commodities. King James was so well aware of this, that when a needy but ambitious Scot called upon him and requested him to make a shentleman of him, "Na, na," said the King, "I canna do that;—I can mak you a Duke, but I canna mak you a gentleman."

When we therefore reflect, not only on the origin of Mrs. Budge, but on her former trade, habits and education, we shall the less wonder at her upstart pride, at her immeasurable vulgarity, and at the total absence of humanity in her composition. But what is most lamentable is, that she does not stand alone in her species, nor in society: several such *Ladies* have been met in the course of his life by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N. B. If Master George Augustus Frederic Budge, who is the noble heir to this couple, had come a week sooner, he might have missed this exalted honour.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The ballet of *Telemaque*, which has been among the wonders of the Parisian stage, was brought out on Tuesday. It is no miracle, but certainly an interesting and showy ballet. The story of the Son of Ulysses is in all our memories,

and the point from which the ballet is taken is his sojourn in Calypso's Island. Calypso, as in the romance, falls in love with the young Greek, who is smitten with Eucharis, one of her nymphs. This is more probable in the stage representation than in the volume, for Eucharis is Milanie. We regret to say that the tale ends in sorrow, for Eucharis is the victim of her passion and the vengeance of Calypso. Some of the dances were extremely graceful. The opening scene of the shipwreck was spirited and graphic, and the descent of Venus beautiful. C. Vestris was *Telemaque*; Calypso, Madame Lefevre; and Baptiste as a Faun, and Milanie, as the nymph, excited great admiration.

Il Don Giovanni, was reproduced last Saturday. The characters were well supported. Begrez was Octavio, and Madame Bellocchi Zerlina, which she performed with a spirit and taste that was at once striking and fortunate. A signor Romero appeared as Leporello, it seemed his first attempt on a stage of any country, and we cannot promise him much hope of future distinction. He was inferior to Placci, who was certainly no singer.

ORATORIOS.

DRURY LANE.—The Lent Oratorios began on Wednesday with an extensive selection from Mozart, Haydn, a Miscellaneous Act, and the *Battle Sinfonia* by Beethoven. It was carried on with great spirit. Madame Bellocchi and Mrs. Salmon distinguished themselves, and gave delightful exhibitions in their respective styles. The *Sinfonia* closed the night with singular eclat. The house was full, and the performance seemed to give universal satisfaction.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Oratorios commenced at this theatre on Friday. We shall say but little of the selection, for we can say nothing in its favour. With a good instrumental orchestra, and with the general order of singers with which the public are acquainted, the performance was altogether ineffective. The house anticipated this from the bills, and was thin.

EVADNE.—This Tragedy having been published, we are enabled more correctly to review it, and at the same time the opinion which we gave on its first representation. Mr. Sheil, in his preface, acknowledges having "employed a part of the fable of Shirley's *Traytor*," in the construction of his plot; but claims the "incidents, situations, distribution, characters, and language," as his own. He further contends that he is as original as Home, who took his plot for *Douglas* from a ballad, and profited by the *Merope* of Voltaire; though he does not go the length of the author of *Brutus*, who assured us, whimsically enough, that it required greater talents to manufacture a play out of five or six old dramas, than to invent and write one altogether new! It is not our wish to detract from Mr. Sheil's merits, but we confess we think he has, in this instance, demanded more than is due to him. In-

debted to Shirley for the greater part of his plot, we know not what he means by saying the "incidents," which are but items of that sum total, are his own. The "situations" are in the same predicament, and so are the "characters;" as for the "distribution," we are not able to guess what is intended to be expressed by that word, and the fifth and last original feature, viz. the "language," will, we are of opinion, appear to be in effect, though not precisely in sentences, Shirley's, at least so much as to take away the modern claim.

By reference to the Literary Gazette of the 13th ult. it will be found that all the characters in Evadne have prototypes in the *Traytor*, and that to the close of the third act of that play, incorporating portions of the fourth and fifth, the new tragedy pursues very closely the footsteps of the old one. Not having, when we then wrote, the *Traytor* by us, we trusted to memory in specifying the dramatis personæ, and identifying the sentiments. We have since cursorily glanced over both plays, and the correspondence between them, evident even on so slight an inspection, confirms the opinion we ventured to offer. Perhaps it may not be unentertaining to notice a few of the coincidences.

Ludovico when accused of perfidy, by Colonna, says to the King,—

But ask yourself, my Lord, if I be mad?
For were I that, that he would make Ludovico,
The cells of frenzy, not the scaffold's plank,
Would best beseech my treason. In your love
My fortunes grow and flourish unto heaven;
And I should win by treason but the load
Of the world's execration. — — —
Here's my heart! If you have any mercy,
Strike through that heart, and as the blood flows
forth,
Drown your suspicions in the purple stream.

Lorenzo, under similar accusation, says to the Duke,—

With licence of your highness, what
Can you imagine I should gain by treason?
What in your death can I expect to equal
The riches I enjoy under your warmth?

— — — — — What story
Mentioned his name, that had his prince's
bosome

Without the people's hate, 'tis sinne enough
In some men to be great, the throng of stars
The rout, and common people of the skie,
Move still another way then the sun does,
That gilds the creature, take your honors back
And if you can that purple of my veins, &c.
— — — — — You may be credulous against me.

Again. Sheil's Ludovico.

I do not love to make a boisterous boast
Of my past services, and marshal forth
In glittering array the benefit
That I have done my sovereign—what I did
Was but my duty. Yet would I enquire
If he who has fought your battles, &c.

Shirley's Lorenzo:

— — — — — Sir, you must
Pardon my bold defence, my virtue bleeds
By your much easiness, and I am compelled
To break all modest limits, and to waken
Your memory with the story of
My faire deservings. Who, sir, overthrew, &c.
And both go on relating their exploits, only

interrupted by an assenting monosyllable from the King. Ludovico boasts in the end of transcribing "the hydra-headed monster of rebellion," and Lorenzo concludes with "crushing all plots to ayre."

We do not pronounce that these parallel passages are in precisely the same words, but it is beyond a question that all the modern's originality consists in a sort of translation of the ancient's thoughts and language.

We shall now produce some similar and some much less disguised resemblances. When *Sciarrha* in the one play, and *Colonna* in the other, are enraged by the insult offered to their sister, we have the following:

SCIARRHA. My sister, though he bee the Duke, he dares not.

Patience, patience, if there be such a virtue,
I want it heaven; yet keep't a little longer,
It were a sinne to have it, such an injury
Deserves a wrath next to your owne, my sister?
It has throwne wild-fire in my braine, Lorenzo,
A thousand furies revell in my skull:
Has he not sinnes enough in's court to damne
him,

But my roofe must be guilty of new lusts,
And none but Amidea? (his sister.)

COLONNA. By yon heaven,
Were he not born with immortality
I will find some way to kill him! 'Tho' he had
been

Bathed twenty fathoms in the anointing Styx
Of his damned royalty, I'd tear his heart out,
My sister?
That I should
Convert the palace of mine ancestors
Into a place of brothelery—myself!

SCIARRHA. I do not thinke but all the ashes of
My ancestors doe dwell in their darke urnes
At this report of Amidea's shame.
Their dust must of necessity conspire
To make an earthquake in the Temple.

COLONNA. My fathers, do you hear it in the tomb?

Do not your mouldering remnants of the earth
Feel horrid animation in the grave,
And strive to burst the ponderous sepulchre
And throw it off?

Florio and Amidea dissuade *Sciarrha*
from murdering his prince, as he says he
will "in his chamber," just as *Colonna*
declares to *Evadne*—

In yonder chamber lies the king. I go
To stab him to the heart.

EVADNE. I will not call him king—but guest,
Colonna.

Remember you have called him here—remember
You have pledged him in your father's golden
cup;
Have broken bread with him.

Florio in the old play uses the same argument:

Was he not invited? *SCIARRHA*. Yes, by his lust.

FLORIO. And in your crowned tables
And hospitality will you murder him?

— — — — —
AMIDEA. I ha' thought on't, send him to my
bed.

SCIARRHA. Ha.

AMIDEA. Do not question what I purpose,
heaven

Witness to my chast thoughts.

EVADNE. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer,
But bid him come to me.

COLONNA. What! bid him come to thee?

EVADNE. And leave him with me here.

COLONNA. What! leave thee with him?

EVADNE. Yes. I implore it of thee—prithee,
Colonna,

Conduct my sovereign here.

COLONNA. Yes. I will try her — — — —

I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make

A terrible experiment — — — —

If she fall, she dies,

&c. &c.

SCIARRHA. — — — — — If shee doe yeeld
To the hot encounter: ha! 'twill be but just
That both their hearts weepe blood, to purge
their lust.

The same images and ideas prevail in
this way throughout, and it is impossible
to think Mr. Sheil's slight changes either
original or improving.

The Duke, in his love scene, tells *Amidea*
that she is—

Borne to justify unto these times

A queene of love, Venus was but thy figure,
And all her graces prophesies of thine,
To make our last age best.

Which the later author converts into—

— — — — — What a form is here!

The imaginers of beauty did of old
O'er three rich forms of sculptured excellence
Scatter the naked graces; but the hand
Of mightier nature hath in thee combined
All varied charms together.

After the Prince's conversion, a similar
transformation offers itself.

Ancient. I dare not think awry, agen I aske
Forgiveness, in thy innocence I see
My owne deformitie.

Modern. Thou hast wrought
A miracle upon thy prince's heart,
And lifted up a vestal lamp, to shew
My soul its owne deformity—my guilt.

Ancient. BROTHER. Now a thousand blessings
Reward thy goodness; thou deservst a statue,
A tall one which should reach above the clouds.

Modern. — — — — — Oh my dear sister!
A thousand times mine own! I glory in thee
More than in all the heroes of my name.

Ancient. Sc. 'Tis done!

Lo. What? good *Sciarrha*?

Sc. The Duke is dead.

With this hand

I made a passage to his soul.

Modern. COL. Ludovico,

I have done the deed!

Lo. He is dead?

COL. He is as dead

As twenty stabs could make him.

We could multiply these examples *ad infinitum*, to prove that the claim of invention, or even novelty of style, has a very slight foundation, but we shall confine ourselves to only two remaining parallels, where the subject is treated with great effect by both writers, and where the imitation is "palpable to feeling as to sight." The first is from the scene in which the heroine invokes blessings on her deserting lover and rival, and which is throughout a close copy, but far inferior to the old Poet. How exquisitely fine and pathetic is the following:—

— — — — — I shall be married shortly,
To one whom you have all heard talke of,
Your fathers knew him well: one, who will
never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake mee,
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,

Distill chaste kisses; though our bridal bed
Be not adorned with roses, 'twill be greene,
We shall have virgin sauell, cypresse, ewe,*
To make us garlands, though no pine do burne,
Our nuptiall shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where wee sleep
Free from all care for ever: death, my Lord,
I hope shall be my husband, now farewell.

How feeble after this is Mr. Sheil's passage:—

----- I soon shall cease
To be a care to you, or to myself,
Or to aught else in this gay glittering world—
There's but one trouble I shall ever give
To any one again. I will but pray
The Maker of the lonely beds of peace
To open one of his deep hollow ones,
Where misery goes to sleep, and let me in.

The last quotation we shall offer, is that in which the traitor influences the brother to murder his king, and works upon him by the dread of being dishonoured after his death, should it happen before that crime is consummated. In the original it runs thus:—

LOR. I ha done,
And praise your heathen resolution.
Of death, goe practice immortalie,
And tell us, when you can get leave to visit
This world agen, what fine things you enjoy
In hell, for thither these rash passions drive thee,
And ere thy body hath three daies inhabited
A melancholy chamber in the earth,
Hung round about with skuls and dead men's
bones,
Ere Amidea have told all her teares
Upon thy marble, or the epitaph
Belie thy soule, by saying it is fled
To heaven; this sister shall be ravish'd,
Mauger thy dust and heraldry.

In the imitation, the same thought is thus expressed:—

LUD. When you are laid within your sepulchre,
And rot most honourably, then, I fear me,
A lesser shame will not befall your house
For all the *graven marbles* on your tomb.
Your sister will not find,
When you are dead, a bulwark in your grave,
Where will she find a guardian arm? Thine arm
Will be the food of the consuming worm,
While in the hot embraces of the king - - -

We shall not press this subject any further, with great esteem for Mr. Sheil's talents, we must declare that we see no reason for allowing that either "the incidents, situations, (we omit distribution) characters, or language," of *Evadne*, are his own. On the contrary, we think that they chiefly pertain to a much more powerful writer, who drew his pictures from life and nature, and not for particular performers. Indeed, to speak candidly, it seems to us that almost wherever Mr. Sheil has left his model, he has fallen into inconsistency and error, and has thereby made his king half hero, half rascal; his high-spirited man of honour an intriguer and liar, and his very matchless traitor an arrant blab and driveller.†]

* We copy the orthography from the edition of 1635, small 4to. "Printed for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furnival's-Inne-gate, in Holborne."

† We ought to add that we have seen no satisfactory answer to the letter signed *Auctor*, in the

Notwithstanding the length to which this comparison has carried us, we trust our readers will not be displeased to read a more particular account of Shirley, (by a correspondent) than we laid before them in No. 169; and a promise, that, in our next, we shall present them with an admirable comic scene from the play whence our preceding extracts are taken, but which is too much for this week's Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

In noticing the dramatist Shirley (at page 110,) you express yourself rather loosely, by saying, that "very little is known of him," when, on the contrary, considering the penury of poetical biography, his name has in truth fared much better than that of many of his superiors and contemporaries.

The industrious Wood was enabled to procure pretty copious materials concerning him from his son, who was butler, or, as I conjecture, steward of Furnival's Inn; and his account is as follows:—James Shirley made his first entry on the stage of this transitory world, in or near the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, Lombard Street. The Oxford antiquary is at a loss whether he came from a Sussex or a Warwickshire family: but it is pretty evident that his parentage was respectable, for he received his education first at Merchant Taylors' School, and next at St. John's College, Oxford, when Dr. afterwards Archbishop Laud, was president of that house. It is said, that though this great prelate had a particular esteem for Shirley on account of the pregnancy of his parts, he yet opposed his ordination, from the circumstance of his having a large mole upon his left cheek.

I am inclined, however, to suspect this statement, and to conjecture that Shirley, who was evidently of a wavering disposition, gave some signs of nonconformity at Oxford; for he left that University without taking any degree, and removed to Cambridge, where he proceeded M.A. entered into orders, and became "Minister of God's word" at or near St. Alban's. Besides this, he dedicated one of his performances to the noted William Prynne, when that loathsome fanatic was in confinement for a libel. But if Shirley ever had any bias to puritanism, he soon abandoned that gloomy persuasion, and, like other zealots, veered about to the opposite point, by quitting his living, and turning Roman Catholic. This change, it is to be feared, did not proceed from principle, for we find him soon after taken into the service of the Queen, Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles the First, in consequence of which he lived in good circumstances, and was on terms of intimacy with persons of the first quality. At this period he resided in Gray's Inn, and was very popular as a playwright, being

Morning Post, claiming the fifth act of *Evadne*. Both the anonymous Auctor and Mr. Sheil are compromised in this business, and the Theatre owed the public, not the accuser, an explanation.

employed in the construction of masks for the amusement of the court.

The great rebellion reduced Shirley to the necessity of keeping school, an occupation which he had before followed at St. Alban's, and for which he was extremely well qualified, as appears, not only by the eminent pupils whom he brought up, but the books published by him on the art of teaching. Our poet survived the restoration, when some of his plays were acted with applause, and therefore it is likely that he resumed his connexion with the stage, which is the more probable from his living near the theatre in Dorset Gardens. From hence he was driven, with his second wife, by the dreadful fire of London, and both died of grief brought on by their losses, the same day, October 29, 1666, and were buried together in one grave, in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. At the time of his death Shirley was seventy-two years of age.

Feb. 15, 1819.

J. W.

VARIETIES.

Mannheim, Feb. 10, 1819.

NATURAL HISTORY.—A few days ago a discovery interesting to naturalists was made about two leagues from this city, by some fishermen on the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Sandhofen. They struck upon part of an immense head of some animal, consisting of the lower jaws, each of which contained a tooth eight inches long and four inches broad, in a horizontal position, converted, by the lapse of ages, into a polished stone. The lower jaw alone is almost more than a man can lift. They found at the same time, about a thousand steps further down the river, the brain-pan of another head of an animal, with immense horns, like those of an ox, which, after the outward rind was taken off, measured an ell in length, and are in circumference equal to a man's arm. Both pieces were found eighteen feet under the surface of the water, though the river is uncommonly low.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY.

A French traveller, now in Egypt, has discovered, at a distance of about nine hours journey from the Red Sea, an ancient city built in the mountains, between the 24th and 25th degrees of latitude. There are still 800 houses in existence. Among the ruins are found temples dedicated to various divinities. There are eleven statues, and various ruins of others. He has also discovered the ancient stations that were appointed on the route through the Desert, going from the Red Sea to the Valley of the Nile. These stations are at regular distances of nine hours between each. This route is undoubtedly one of those traversed by the commerce of India—a commerce which was so flourishing at the time of the *Lagides*, and under the first Emperors. The situation is now ascertained of the emerald mine, of which no certain knowledge was had for several ages. *French Paper.*

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The celebrated Orientalist, M. Von Hammer, has been invested with the order of St. Leopold, by His Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

At a late extraordinary sitting of the French Academy, the Count de Segur presented a copy of the second volume of his *Galerie Morale et Politique*.

M. Anger read an historical and literary notice on Molière's *Ecole des Femmes*.

M. Andrieux, the first part of a dissertation on the origin, formation, and variety of languages, their progress and decline.

M. Baour de Lormain read the second Canto of his poetic translation of *Jerusalem Delivered*.

The first landscape painter in France, M. P. H. Valenciennes, died on Monday, in his 69th year.—*French Paper*.

The exportation of paintings, statues, antiques, collections of coins and prints, rare manuscripts, first editions, and in general all articles of literature or the arts, which tend to the ornaments of a State, is prohibited throughout the whole Austrian Empire, upon pain of confiscation, or a fine of double the value, with the exception of the works of living Artists.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY.

Thursday, 25.—Thermometer from 23 to 40. Barometer from 29, 91 to 30, 02.

Wind NW. and NE. 1.—Passing clouds, with intervals of sunshine during the day. Some snow in the early part of the morning.

Friday, 26.—Thermometer from 28 to 39. Barometer from 29, 91 to 29, 73.

Wind W. and S.W. 3.—Generally cloudy. A missing rain in the evening. A parhelion was formed on the upper part of a halo about 10.

Saturday, 27.—Thermometer from 29 to 45. Barometer from 29, 66 to 29, 64.

Wind S.W. 3.—Quite cloudy all the day. Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.

Sunday, 28.—Thermometer from 35 to 40. Barometer from 29, 61 to 29, 49.

Wind S.E. 3.—Cloudy; a little rain in the morning.—Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

MARCH.

Monday, 1.—Thermometer from 33 to 41. Barometer from 29, 54 to 29, 56.

Wind N.E. 3.—Cloudy. Rain in the evening. Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Tuesday, 2.—Thermometer from 34 to 42. Barometer from 29, 60 to 29, 71.

Wind N.E. 1.—Cloudy, with rain till noon. Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Wednesday, 3.—Thermometer from 35 to 42. Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 99.

Wind N.E. 1.—Cloudy all day. Waters a little out with last night's rain.

Rain fallen, 2.25 of an inch.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Eternal' is, we presume, an error of the press, for *Eternel*, (from *Eternas*) a North-east wind.

* Several Reviews of interesting new works, and many other articles, are unavoidably postponed.

5!

Miscellaneous Advertisement, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of modern Artists, is open every day from ten in the Morning till five in the Afternoon.
(By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

The Battle of Waterloo.

HURST, ROBINSON, and Co. (Successors to J. and J. Boydell,) 90, Cheapside, respectfully inform the Subscribers and the Public, that the Print of the BATTLE OF WATERLOO, by Burnet, from the capital Painting of Atkinson and Devis, will be ready for delivery on the 1st of June 1819.

Smirke's Illustrations of Hunchback.

This Day was published, in imperial 4to. price 6l. 6s.
THE ADVENTURE OF HUNCHBACK, and the Stories connected with it (from the Arabian Nights Entertainments,) with Seventeen illustrative Prints, engraved by William Daniell, from Pictures painted by Robert Smirke, R.A.
London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co. (successors to J. and J. Boydell,) No. 90, Cheapside.

New Publications.

Linguist's Guide.

Just published, by Boosey and Sons, Broad-street, City.
Price 6d.

THE LINGUIST'S GUIDE, being a Catalogue of nearly Five Hundred Grammars, Dictionaries, and Elementary Works, in most of the European and Oriental Languages, 1819.

Where also may be had,

A Catalogue of Books, on Medicine, Surgery, Anatomy, Chemistry, and Natural History, &c. &c. imported from the Continent, 1819.

A Catalogue of Foreign Engravings, Wood Cuts, and Pooks of Prints, 1819.—(Gratis.)

British and Foreign Public Library,

Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London.

MR. COLBURN has the pleasure to acquaint his Subscribers and the Public in general, that he has lately published his SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE, containing upwards of Fifty Thousand Volumes, and comprising all the Interesting Modern Publications, Foreign as well as English. With a grateful acknowledgment of the very distinguished patronage with which this Library has ever been honoured, the Proprietor pledges himself to continue his utmost exertions to ensure Subscribers, whether in Town or Country, an ample and immediate supply of the books they desire; and he feels confident, that by the various new arrangements he has lately concluded, he shall afford them more than ordinary satisfaction.

Terms of Subscription.

Class 1. Subscribers paying 5l. 5s. the Year; 5l. 5s. the Half Year, or 1l. 16s. per quarter, are allowed 12 volumes in Town and 24 in the Country, and are entitled to the newest and most expensive Works in the Library.

Class 2. Subscribers paying 4l. 4s. the Year, 2l. 10s. 6d. the Half Year, or 1l. 11s. 6d. per quarter, are entitled to a volume in Town and 16 in the Country, including new Publications, in the Octavo and Duodecimo sizes.

Class 3. Subscribers paying 3l. 3s. the Year, 2l. 6s. the Half Year, or 1l. 5s. per quarter, are allowed 6 volumes in Town and 12 in the Country, but are not entitled to the immediate perusal of New Works.

* Books are sent to Subscribers (in Boxes) to all Parts of the kingdom, and in any quantity, on payment of a proportionate Subscription.

The Subscription, in all cases, to be paid at the time of Subscribing.

The printed Conditions and Regulations to be had at the Library.

This Day was published, price 2s.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, and LITERARY MISCELLANY; being a New Series of the Scots Magazine, for February 1819.

Printed for Arch. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

In a few Days will be published, in one vol. 8vo. handsomely printed, price 12s. the 2d Edit. of

THE ROYAL MINSTREL. An Heroic Poem. In Twelve Books. By J. F. PENNIE.

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